

Where to Draw the Line

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Summary: Rogue and Gambit have an argument about how much space he will give her in his life.

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Chapter 1

Things had pretty much fell in to a routine after Remy's and Joseph's altercation. Both men agreed that even though they did not like each other, that Joseph had to face facts that Rogue was in love with Gambit and that he would not interfere anymore in their relationship.

Now that Rogue could finally touch another human being without stealing their powers or strength, with the invention of 12 hour negating "bracelet", she wanted to spend every possible moment with Gambit. Whenever they weren't on a mission or taking care of some chore assigned to them, the plan was that every evening from 8:00 p.m. to 8:00 a.m. they would spend their nights together. This arrangement benefited everyone in the X-household, because no one ran the risk of touching her mistakenly, while her powers were on. Rogue said that she didn't mind and Gambit surely did not complain, but the arrangement was wearing a little thin for her.

She always got such odd looks from everyone she passed in the hallway on the way to Gambit's room. She had suggest they meet in her room and stay the night there, but Remy said, "Chere wit' all dose frilly curtains, stuff animals, pink walls and bed fixins', I'd lose concentrat'in and ya don' wan' dat, do ya?" he had said, then he would to take her in his arms and show her what he'd meant by concentration.

Everyone knew they were lovers. It was hard to keep things quiet because Remy was so good at bringing out the unrestrained pleasure in

her. It had surprised her to realize that she was so vocal in her expressions of pleasure. She smiled as she thought of how when things got out of hand, Wolverine would beat on his wall that adjoined his and Gambit's two side-by-side rooms. Remy always politely got up, went over to the wall and did the same thing back then holler, "Jealous!" Then he'd run back to eagerly pick up where he'd left off. That boy is truly a scoundrel, ... mah scoundrel, she thought with a coy grin.

Well Ah'm tired of all the funny looks Ah been gettin'. She went about collecting some of her things around her room. Different toiletries a couple of night shirts, house shoes, hair brush, makeup and a couple of outfits. She placed the items neatly in a cardboard box then left her room.

Ah hope Remy doesn't mind, Hell Ah'm practically livin' with him anyway, this just a small technicality, she hoped as she neared his door.

She could hear the muffled sound of a Jazz melody. Remy's thinkin', he always listens tah Jazz when he's thinkin'. She did not currently have the bracelet's powers on, it was only mid afternoon, so she figured if she knocked loud enough, he'd hear her, so she did. No answer. Music must be too loud. Ah'll try again, so she did. This time, a little more sterner than she ought to because her nuckles left indentation marks on his door. Ooops! Soon she heard the music's volume decrease a little and the sound of a person coming closer to the door.

Gambit opened the door and a wave of music hit her in the face, "Chere," he smiled but his smile faded when he saw her carrying a medium size cardboard box. "Ya bring me a present Chere?," He cocked his head to the side, "Aw ya shouldn't have."

Rogue was caught up in the sight of him. Remy was easily the most attractive man she'd ever seen. Always wearing the latest styles over his near perfect physique, It was still hard for her to look at him without wanting him at times, usually she would give in to it and initiate their love making.

"Chere?" Rogue in a trance of some kind. "Chere?"

"Oh, Uh hi Remy."

"Ya O.K. Chere? Gambit t'ought maybe ya in a trance or someone play joke and put life-size statute of ya outside my door." he chuckled.

She blushed, "May Ah come in sugah?"

"Of course, where Gambit's manners," he opened the door all the way and bowed at the waist as she passed. Then he closed the door. She stopped middle way into the room, looking around. He'd changed it since the first night they's spend together here. Gambit, as with everything else, had the best taste in furniture. Two leather white button-tuck wing chairs with matching foot stools sat on either side of entertainment center now. A solid cherry wood bedroom suit with rice posters and a huge Persian Rug that captured every color in the room was sprawled out on the hardwood floor within a foot from each wall. Several fine pieces of artwork lined and hung on the walls. A

ceiling to floor bookcase and combination computer desk stood between the two windows to the left. He even had a collection of comic books that he had collected when he was just a little tyke, all were kept in solid gold picture frames that hung on the wall behind his bed.

Remy walked over to his entertainment center to turn the volume down lower. Then he turned came to stand in front of Rogue. "How can Gambit help ya?" He said as he looked up and down her cut-off daisy-duke style shorts and crop top.

Rogue blushed under his surveillance. "Ah know we have not yet really talked about this, but Ah was wonderin' ifin' Ah could move some of mah things in here with yours?" She chewed on her bottom lip as she waited for an answer. She notice a frown on his face at first, but he quickly masked it with a grin.

He scratched his head, a sign that he was puzzled or skeptical about something. "Well, ya right, we have not talked about it yet, but I was beginnin' ta wonder when it was comin' up."

She put the box down, "Ah take it y'all not too excited about it," she frowned.

He walked over to his bed and sat down on it. "Dats not it Chere. I t'ink it's a good plan, I jis' a little weary about giving up my space. I've been a bachelor for a long time. I've heard all kinds of stories from guys who say dey let de girl move in and she takes over." He knew it did not sound right when it came out, but it is how he felt.

She placed her hands on her hips, "Ah don't see what the problem is? We practically live together now. Besides Ah'm sick of gettin' looks when Ah come tah yah room at night. Everyone must think Ah'm 'bout the biggest whore around."

He motioned for her to sit beside him on the bed. She hesitated then came and sat on the opposite side away from him.

"Really? Den dat make me look like de biggest stud in de world, eh?" his attempt tp lighten up the mood missed her completely.

She balled her mouth at him and narrowed her eyes. "Sorry Chere, jis' kiddin'." The smile faded from his face because he could see now that she was getting very upset.

"So what yah sayin' Swamp Rat? Yah want all the benefits, but non of the responsibility?"

"No Chere."

"Why buy the cow if yah can get the milk free huh!" she was getting louder. A sure sign to Gambit that she was really getting pissed.

"No Chere!"

"Have y'all cake and eat it too!!" She got up off the bed to make her way towards his door. Rogue stopped long enough to bend over to pick up the box where she'd left it earlier. The action caused her shorts

to ride up to expose the indentation between her thighs and buttocks. Gambit could help but whistle as the urge to make love to her crossed his over active libido.

He caught up with her before she could open the door, "Chere, please wait," he begged as he positioned himself between her and the door. "Let's talk mi amour." He said with a devilish grin, his eyes smoked over with desire.

"Ah'm through talking, what in the world made me think yah was different from every other man on the face of God's green earth, is beyond me. Now are yah go'na get away from that door or do Ah have tah make another one," she gritted.

Gambit decided that it was best for all concern, especially himself, that he let her leave to go cool off. He stepped to one side, holding the door open for her.

Rogue stopped as she balanced the box in one hand and caught the door with the other, "Yah stay away from me, do yah hear? Ah don' e'vah want ta be touched by yah again." She slammed the door hard in his face. The door was closed with such great force that it cracked and splintered around the edges where it came in contact with the frame. The sound of it had Gambit covering his ears in pain. As soon as his ears stopped ringing, he shook his head hard. "Woe, Chere really mad. Oh man, I really did it dis time." He slapped his hand over his eyes as he let his spatial awareness guide him to one of the wing chairs. He flopped down into it, immediately feeling a long hard object pressing against his rear-end. He raised up to grab the remote. He programmed the juke box to play in random order several jazz tunes. Then he turned the volume up as high as he could stand it as he contemplated how he was going to make things right with her again.

Chapter 2

Dressed in tight fitting jeans that looked as though they were painted on and T-shirt tied below her breast, Betsy Braddock went about the mansion looking from one place to the other, Where could he be? The "he" she was referring to was her lover, Warren Worthington, III otherwise known as the X-Man code name Archangel. It was getting harder and harder to keep up with Warren lately. Sometimes he would disappear for a whole day and she not know where he was.

She was beginning to worry about him. She could see that something was wrong with him. His eyes reflected that he was troubled about something, but whenever she would ask him about it, he'd shrug it off and say things like, "Business troubles baby," then kiss her passionately. All her coherent thought would leave her and she'd forget about what she was worried about.

"Not this time," she said as she opened yet another door. I think I'll look in the TV room probably some Football, Baseball or Basketball game on the satellite big screen TV. This was the normal hang out for the men of the X-Men. Anytime you wanted to find either of them, chances are, this is where they'd be.

Sure enough, the sound of several male voices yelling and a whistle blowing came from the direction of that room. She stopped in front of the door to pressed the button on the wall panel, it opened. She

stepped across the threshold to see if he was in there.

Seated on the large black leather sectional sofa was Bobby, Joseph, Wolverine, Bishop and Warren, seated accordingly. In front of them sat several different bags of snacks, a bowl of popcorn, a plate of half eaten sandwiches and several opened cans of beer. All eyes went to her for a moment then some play caught their attention then they all erupted in cheers and curses.

Man they're loud. She had to wait until they calmed down a little before she spoke. "Warren, I need to see you."

He was on the edge of his seat about something on the TV. "Not now Bets, this is a critical moment in the game. In a minute, OK?" Then he ignored her.

That ruffled her. She narrowed her eyes at him, "This is important Warren or I would not have dared interrupted your exercise in male bonding." She put one hand on her hip. "You don't come outside with me now, I'll teleport that blasted TV to Shi'ar in a split second!" She pointed at it to prove her point.

That got everyone's attention. "Uh Warren, you better go see what she wants before she makes good on her promise." Everyone echoed Bobby's comment.

He rose from his seat, unfolding his wings, dressed in blue jean cut offs and a Dallas Cowboys t-shirt, "Fifty dollars says they don't make another touchdown before the end of the game."

Bishop pointed at him, "You're on Worthington!"

There he goes again, she thought. He excused himself from the others to come stand behind her. She turned, pressed the button by the door, then walked out when it opened. He followed before the door "whooshed" back shut.

Spreading his wings fully, which usually meant he was agitated, Warren squared off on her in the hallway, "What's eaten you? What is so Damn important that it could not wait a few minutes longer? The game is almost over!"

She was a little taken aback by his mood, but lately that was how he was. Snapping her head off at just about anything and everything.

She pointed a long, sharp fingernail into his chest. "Don't you take that tone with me Warren Worthington, III! I can dot your "I's" where you stand or have you forgotten?"

He raised his eyebrows in surprise. She'd never threaten to use her powers on me before. It must be serious. Warren brought his wings back in, "No Bets, I have not forgotten. Tell me what it is you want, please so I can get back to the game?"

That tone was better to her ears, she instantly calmed down. "Your accountant called. He said to tell you that the \$100,000.00 you requested has been transferred to your personal account in a nearby bank. What is that about Warren?"

"Nothing my sweet, business troubles." He came to where she was standing. He was pulling her into his arms to kiss her. She instantly pushed hard on his chest before he had her in a good grip. Betsy used the momentum to back flip out of his grasp. It caught Warren by surprise. His mouth fell open as he watched her cut two back flips then walk back up to him, not a hair out of place.

"That want work this time darling, I'm on to you," she smiled sweetly. "He also said for you to have a nice time in Atlantic City."

Oh no, damn! "Uh Betsy, I can explain."

She folded her arms and tapped her foot, "I'm dying to hear it, this ought to be good."

"You see a friend of mine has made a few bad investments in that area, and I was going to lend him the money to help him out," he smiled.

She wanted to believe him, she really did but everything was adding up that screamed to her that something else was going on with him. She had noticed how over the pass several months, he always would challenge a bet to anyone who'd take it. Wolverine, Gambit and even Bobby and Sam had won sizeable amounts of money from him. "You know Warren lying to everyone else is one thing but lying to me is another."

"What you are talking about sweet thing, I've never lied to you." He stepped close to her. She put up a hand in front of his face to detain him.

"Who you think you're talking to? I may love you but I am not so in "Awe" by you that I can't see when something is wrong. You are or becoming compulsive with your gambling Warren and it is starting to frighten me."

"What are you talking about Bets? I am not addicted to anything, except maybe you." he tried to brush a stray hair out of her face. She instantly recoiled back out of the way. Man this is going to be harder than I thought.

"Don't touch me," she said calmly.

He grinned at her from ear to ear, "That's going to be pretty hard to do since we share a bedroom, don't you think?"

She walked passed him, "Really, I can fix that!"

He caught her arm, "What are you saying love?"

She snatched her arm out of his grasp, "I'm moving out into one of the guest rooms until you take care of this problem you have with gambling."

He was really starting to worry that she meant it, "Don't Elizabeth, please don't." he begged. "I don't have a problem!"

The sound of the TV room door opening caught both their attention. Bobby walked up to Warren to pat him on the shoulder. "Man you missed

it. By the way, Bishop's team scored two touch downs before the end of the game. You got to pay up. Basketball game coming on now." he patted him again before he walked off toward the kitchen to retrieve more beer for everyone.

Perfect timing Bobby, as usual, he thought. "You can't count that one Elizabeth!"

"Oh no?" Betsy called on her shadow powers and a large cloak enveloped her and she disappeared leaving Warren in the hallway and alone.

Warren visibly shook, wrapping his unfolded wings around himself. It always gave him the creeps when Betsy would vanish. He stood there a few minutes. Do I have a problem?...Nah! She must be PMS'ing again. She'll still be there when I go up tonight., he thought to himself. Then he turned, pressed the door's button to go back in. "Who's up next?" He said as he took his seat again.

"Bulls and the Lakers," stated Wolverine.

"Really, ...\$20.00 on the Bulls," this time he knew he would win.

Chapter 3

"That arrogant, low down, dirty, rotten @#%&, how dare he!" She stomped her way back to her room.

"It's not like ah was askin' for a kidney!" Rogue juggled the box in her hand as she open her room's door. She then slammed the door back shut.

She stood looking around at her familiar surroundings, tears welling up behind her eyes, threatening to fall. With an inarticulate scream, Rogue whirled the box in an arch, throwing its contents all about the room. She could feel a tear drop on her cheek as it dropped from her bottom lash. She screamed in frustration as she hurled the box through her window. With her super strength, it made a loud crash while it took out all of the window and the surrounding bricks.

"Damn him, damn him to hell!" She lost all control as she threw herself on her bed and began to cry freely with abandon. Her body heaved and jerked with the release of disappointment and embarrassment.

Rogue must have fallen to sleep because when she raised her head again, the room was darker and the shadows longer. She felt awful. Tired and weak from the emotional turmoil of her and Remy's earlier disagreement.

She got up from the bed. "Man mah head's throbbin'." She felt a little dizzy too. It took her a moment to get her balance back.

She staggered over to her dresser's mirror to check her appearance. Her face was flushed and her eyes were a little puffy. The memory of her earlier conversation with Remy circle within her head. The thought of it brought tears back to her eyes. "Ah can't think about it now, Ah jis' can't." She found some tissues on the corner of her

dresser to blow her nose with, then sniffed.

Ah better find Sam so he can fix mah window before night fall. He's usually in his garden out back during this time of day. But first, Ah better go freshen up. It would not do for anyone tah see me like this. Remy will think he's got the upper hand, she thought.

Rogue turned to go into her small bathroom when she noticed the contents of the box strewn all over the her room. "What a mess. Ah'll clean it up later." she grimaced.

She went into the bathroom to wash her face in some cold water. Next she used cold compress against her eyes to help reduce the puffiness. She opened her medicine cabinet and took out the eye drops that would take the red out of her eyes.

"That's better," she tried to smile at her reflection, but it was not easy.

She straighten her clothes when she came out of the bathroom to walk over to the door, then stopped. "Ah don't want tah see him." Rogue knew if she saw him too soon, he could persuade her to his way of thinking. Besides, she wanted to stay mad at him a little while longer.

She turned away from the door and on impulse, started running toward the wide open space where the window use to be. When she reached the edge of the flooring, Rogue willed her powers to carry her up. She flew down toward the ground then sharply turn up over the top of the mansion.

Sam's garden was not that far away from the mansion. It sat on a little patch of land that laid just beyond the woods about a mile away, between the mansion and the ocean cliffs.

When Sam had first mentioned that he would like to continue his favorite hobby, when he'd moved in, no one knew exactly what he was talking about. Until the day he showed up with buckets of fresh, green beans, squash, corn, tomatoes, carrots, peas, peppers and watermelons. Everyone thought he'd bought out the neighboring fruit stand. Imagine everyone's surprise when he told them that he'd grown them his self and practically right under their noses.

Some of them were city slickers and had never seen organically grown vegetables. Jean was thrilled at the prospects of having totally healthy and nutritious food for the dinner table. So she, Storm and Joseph readily helped Sam with the hoeing, watering and gathering of the one-fourth acre spread.

She lowered her altitude as she neared the spot. Rogue could see the top of Sam's blonde head, so she slowed her speed to prepare to land in front of him.

"Hi Sam," she called just before she touched down.

"Hi Rogue. What's up outsides you?" He smiled in his coveralls, plaid shirt and brogans. His boyish smile gave his youth away. But his deep blue eyes showed that with maturity, Sam would end up breaking quite a few hearts.

"Ah need your help sugah," she blushed then looked away. Rogue turned back toward him, "Ah've knocked my window out again, can ya help me fix it?"

Sam put the ho down, "Rogue, who has made you mad this time?"

She blushed even more, "Who else has the knack for tying me up in knots of rage?"

"I should 've known," he shook his head. "Are you sure you two are in love? Between Remy's beaten the crap out of the Danger Room when he's mad at you and your destroying your room in the mansion, people might wonder. Do yah want to talk about it Rogue?"

"Ah know, Ah know, ah know, it is childish, but even though he makes me furious, Ah do love still love him."

"Even now," Sam studied her expression.

"Yes, even now."

"Poor girl, ya'll got it bad. Lucky Remy." His thoughts turn inward momentarily. How he wished that some day he would be as fortunate to have someone care about him the way Rogue cares for Gambit. He prayed that one day his wish would come true.

"Sam?" Ya'll al raht sugah?"

"Sure Rogue. I'm almost finished here, I'll be back at the house in about one half hour. We can go into town and get what we need then."

"Great! Ah'll be waiting for yah at mah truck."

Rogue stepped back from him, squatted slightly then took off toward the mansion.

"Put some clothes on will yah?" he called out to her. She answered him with a smile. He picked up his ho he'd put down earlier as he watched her leave.

"Yeah, very lucky indeed."

Chapter 4

Betsy materialized inside her and Warren's room. She had purposely left him that way because she knew it gave him the "CREEPS" when she vanished. He'd always said that it was like dating a ghost.

Was she willing to break off his and her's relationship? Could she break off the relationship? I don't know if I'm strong enough for that, but if it will snap him out of this, I'll have to make good on my threat.

She began pacing back and forward, back and forward. From the door to the opposite wall, she made a path. She was waiting for him. He use to always follow her after a fight. They'd usually make up then make wild passionate love to one another, but after five minutes, then ten, that turn to fifteen, he did not come.

"OH!!" After thirty minutes, Warren did not show up. Betsy was fit to be tied. "Take me for granted will he?" She marched over to the four door walk in closet that she shared with Warren. Most of the clothes belong to him. He and Gambit shared really two things: The love of money and the love of expensive material objects. Where Gambit liked jewelry and cars, Warren liked real estate and clothes.

She flung open all four doors, looking for set of Luis Vitton, her suitcases. They had been a Christmas present from Warren on last year. Funny that they'd be used to help take her away from him.

She found them situated in the last closet's top shelf. It was high above her, but she could still reach them on her tiptoes. Betsy pulled them down. They were heavy. The weight nearly threw her over, but she caught her balance as her long raven hair fell to one side of her head over her shoulder.

Betsy managed to get the cases to the bed. She popped the lock on the outside larger one, then took out a smaller one. She repeated this until all four cases were opened and placed on the bed.

She paused as she just really began contemplating what she was about to do. Emotions welled up in her and tears began to fall down her long thick lashes, down her cheek, off her chin, then down on her heaving chest.

This is stupid, crying is not going to help, she told herself as she tried to regain her composure. I need to be out of here before he comes up tonight.

Now that she'd completely made up her mind to leave his room, she busied herself with collecting all her things and packing them hurriedly.

When Betsy would finish with one of the cases, she'd teleport it to the guest room, then return. I'll have to tell Jean about the new living arrangements later, she frowned. I don't want everyone knowing my business too soon.

When she was finishing with the last small makeup case, the bedroom door opened. Warren pulled his wings together to walk in. The sight of her with the case startled him. He stopped in his tracks. "Bets, you aren't..., you aren't leaving me are you?"

She paused to look at him squarely, "Let's see, hummmm." she looked around the room. "What did I tell you earlier?"

The question was ignored. "I know what you said earlier, but I did not think you were serious!" He began to flap his wings in agitation, blowing loose strands about her face.

"No Warren you didn't!" She snapped the last case shut with a resounding click.

"Please Betsy, don't do this," he begged. "I don't have a problem, just a hobby. You once told me I needed a hobby," he was fishing for anything to keep her there.

"You know I meant Golf, Polo or Tennis." she started towards the

door.

He stepped in front of her and caught her arms with his hands. "Please stay with me! Don't abandon me Elizabeth." He pulled her into his arms wrapping his wings around them both as he nuzzled her ear with his mouth.

Man he plays dirty, she thought. He knows how much I like for him to do that.

Warren could see that she was not totally indifferent to him. He reached up with one hand, pulling her cold black hair out of the way of her ear. He licked and nibbled her lobe the soft skin behind her lobe. It made her shiver and moan with desire.

Betsy could see that she was melting in his arms. So could Warren. He turned his head at an angle as he placed one hand into her hair and use the other to caress her breast. Then he brought her mouth to his in a give all-take all kiss that always made her knees buckle.

Betsy gave as good as she got. She dropped her suitcase on the floor as she brought her hands up around his neck and pulled him closer.

He was about to undo her pants when she stopped him. "No Warren," she breathed, "No." Betsy began to push out of his arms.

Warren looked at her with still burning desire in his eyes as she stepped fully away from him, picked up her case then vanished.

"I don't believe it," he looked all around the room. "Elizabeth," he whispered, but no one was there to answer.

Chapter 5

Gambit had stayed in his room all afternoon and evening only leaving once to go get a sandwich and grab a quick smoke. Jean had only one major rule, NO SMOKING IN THE HOUSE! He and Wolverine, the only two X-Men that smoked, had to indulge their one true vice elsewhere.

He sat there wondering about her. Where was she, what was she doing, who is she with? Questions started flooding his mind all at once and it was driving him crazy. It was well pass 8:00 p.m. and she had not come to stay the night with him. It had never occurred to him before now that she was that mad to deny him and herself their love making.

"Damn, she must be really steamed. How can Gambit make dis right?" He'd have to decide something and soon.

All clarity came forward in his head as his male pride took over. "Wait'a minute! She de one dat left before we could come ta terms. I let her come back ta me!!" Ahh...who ya t'ink ya foolin'?

"I got to get out of here for a while. Maybe I go for a little ride, eh?" He rose from the chair stiffly. "Man my rear sore. Dat chair may look good, but it don' sit good," he said as he tried to rub the circulating back into his backside.

He straighten his jeans and re-brushed his hair back into its familiar ponytail before he left his room. Bobby was in the hallway headed in the same direction as he.

"Hi Drake, where ya goin'?"

Bobby looked up at him, "Hi Remy, I need to go get a small part for my TV."

"Really, can I come, I'm bored," said Gambit as he rubbed his hands together in anticipation.

"Sure Remy, if you don't mind riding in my ole jalopy."

Gambit's since of style and pride got in his way so against his better judgement. He tossed Bobby the keys to his Lamborghini. "I don' mean no harm, but yeah I do mind."

Bobby should have been insulted by the comment but he was so overjoyed with the prospect of driving Remy's, as Rogue called it "TOY," that he could not think straight.

"Woe Remy! Are you serious?"

"When it comes ta my car, I'm always serious Bobby." Gambit gave him a smile that said, "Yes, ya can drive and no ya best not wreck it."

"Sure thing Remy, I'll be careful."

"I know ya will homme," said Gambit as he patted him on the back before they turned to go down the steps and out the front door.

Bobby took extra care in driving Remy's car. It was an absolute thrill to have such a powerful and beautiful machine responding to his will. Gambit sat on the passenger side idly looking out the side window through sun glassed eyes, as the scenery of Salem Center passed by them.

"Something is wrong Gambit," said Bobby. "This is not like you to let anyone drive your car."

Gambit smiled, "Maybe I not feel like myself today, eh Bobby?" He lit a cigarette and smoked it as they drove. "Ya drive like an ol' woman Drake. Trust me she do better dan 35."

Bobby looked at him, "Break the speed limit and have the police pull over two mutants in a car like this? They are liable to shoot first and ask questions later."

Gambit tossed the butt out the side passenger window, "Cops? ... Homme dey never be able ta catch ya." He laughed in a whimsical chuckle.

Bobby slowed the car to make the necessary turn into the large shopping center. It was enormous. Vehicles of all kind were parked in the vast parking lot. Bobby found a good place to park near the front of the home improvement store.

"Non, non, non," said Remy. "Ya don' park a car like dis in de front. Find a place out der." Gambit pointed to what looked like to Bobby, a mile away where no other cars were.

"Remy, by the time we walk to the store, it will be closed," Bobby reasoned.

Gambit's only answer was to point more aggressively to the location. Bobby did as he said. He drove the car to a spot away from other cars and parked it.

Other cars passed them as they neared the door to the store. Bobby noticed how the cars with young girls and women in them slowed down when they neared them. Some of them were brave enough to call out to them. He was puzzled, because he did not remember them doing this whenever he was by himself. Must be something really wrong with Remy because he is ignoring all the attention we are getting. That's not like him, usually he eats it up.

He looked at Remy out of the corner of his eye. He was dressed in a torn T-shirt, relaxed-fit jeans, brogans, a long ponytail down his back, a pair of dark sunglasses to hide his eyes, a small gold earring in his left ear lobe and had his hands in his pocket. Do women go for his type? Rogue certainly does. Mental note: Hang with Remy more often. Bobby smiled to himself.

Gambit stopped in front of the store long enough to read the store's sign. "Ya buy a TV from a home improvement store Drake?"

That bristle Bobby, "Yeah, what of it?" He said as the automatic doors open then closed to let them enter.

"Nothin', cept dat might be why ya needin' dat part now." He laughed.

"Ha Ha Ha." mocked Bobby.

They walked through the huge store pretty much uneventful. Gambit rarely went to places like this so he was constantly looking up at the tall shelves and asking all kinds of questions. Bobby answered what he could or he flat out told him "I don't know."

"Whew! Ya can fine anyt'ing in dis place." He reasoned as he and Bobby walked from section to section and booth to booth, but one booth in particular caught his eye. A way to get back in good with Rogue took shape as the light bulb went off in his head. They strolled over to the booth.

"May I help you?" said the clerk.

Remy smile, "Ya most certainly may." Then he began to tell the clerk what it is he needed.

Bobby saw the TV department and excused himself to go find his part. Gambit continued to look at all the items on the shelves so he did not see where he was going. He ran smack into a woman with long thick russet hair, streaked with white down the middle, dressed in coveralls and a turtle neck shirt, pointing out to a salesman what she wanted with one gloved finger.

"Cuse'me madame, I was not pay...", He look down at her. "Rogue?"

The woman he was addressing turned to faced him. "Remy."

The surprise on his face was unmistakable. "Wha' ya doin' her' Chere?"

"Ah come here with Sam to get ... a few things, what ...what are yah doin' her?"

"I come wit' Bobby ta get de part for his TV." He pointed at the direction in which he'd last seen Bobby.

Sam Guthrie strolled towards them. "Hi Remy. What in the world are you doing in a place like this?" The laughter in Sam's voice was evident.

Gambit started to answer him when Rogue answered for him. "He's here with Bobby. Be a sweetheart Sam and go find him. He's in the TV section." She tossed him her keys. "Could yah'll see that ya'll and Bobby get home with everything?" She never took her eyes off Gambit.

Sam could see that they needed to talk so he did not mind it when Rogue excused him. "Sure thing Rogue. The other things we needed are already loaded out back on your truck."

"Thanks sugah."

He left them to go find Bobby.

"Rogue, we need to talk, but not here. My car is out front ..," he thought, " ... way out front. Will ya come home wit' me Chere?" he asked her as he pulled on one of the gathers of her coveralls.

She hesitated.

"Please," Gambit begged.

"Alraht, but no funny business." she pointed a gloved finger at him.

Gambit drove the car in the direction of the mansion with ease. The night air whipped his hair all about his shoulders. Rogue could not help but look at him. Damn him. If he looked like Quazie Moto it would be so much easier. Then made herself turn away to look out the passenger side window.

Remy shifted gears and stole a glance at Rogue. The wind fluffed and lifted her hair around her face. She occasionally used her hand to pull it out of the way. Alright, here de plan: Promise her anythin' she wan' as long as ya get her back homme. He smiled underneath his dark shades.

"Ya hungry Chere?" he said as he shifted gears again.

"No, Ah'm fine."

"If ya hungry, I take ya ta nice place I know near hear."

"No really Remy, Ah'm fine." She kept her head turned toward the window.

Gambit gave up on conversation. It did not appear that she wanted to or was ready to talk to him yet. They drove in silence to the mansion's gate. The optic identifier did its job to let them in. Remy drove the car into the garaged. He parked it in his usual spot. He noticed that Sam and Bobby had either not gotten back yet or had parked Rogue's 4-Runner somewhere else.

"They must have stopped for a bite tah eat." She reasoned.

Gambit arched his brows, "Let's hope so."

They entered into the mansion in silence. No one was around. Everyone was either already in bed, watching TV or was out for the evening.

Rogue seemed reluctant to follow Gambit upstairs. "Ya wan' talk down here so everyone know our business Chere?"

"No, but...but Ah don't" she stuttered.

Gambit cocked his head to the side. "Ya still don' know me, do ya Chere?" He shook his head at the mistrust she still had in him. "I not touch ya, if dat what ya wan?" His expression changed as he started up the stairs. "I want have ta, ya'll touch me." He winked an eye at her.

"Oh!" Damn him, he really knows me. "We'll see about that Cajun." She followed him up to his room.

Gambit waited for her before he opened the door. "I believe dis some of your handy work?" He pointed out the damage she'd done to his door earlier.

Rogue blushed with embarrassment at her lost of temper. "Sorry."

Gambit opened the door to let her walk in first. "Make yourself comfortable," he said as he excused himself to the bathroom. She sat in one of the beautiful leather wing chairs near the stereo system.

Gambit was only gone a few minutes. When he returned, he had small box in his hand that had a bow tied around it. He stopped in front of her, bend down on one knee and presented it to her.

Rogue was taken by total surprise. A RING! I never dreamed it would come to this!

Gambit cleared his throat, "Before ya get all flustered, it's not a ring, but it is de next best t'ing I could come up wit'."

She was a little disappointed but she could not let him see that, so she smile at him as she took the small package out of his hand and began to open it. Ah wonder what could it ...

Rogue lifted the top part of the box open. "Remy, ... It's a key...A KEY! Tah what?"

"My room and ta my heart. Chere I be honored if ya move in wit' me."

She dropped the box to hold the key in both her hands. She was not too disappointed that it wasn't a ring. Who knows, maybe that will come later. But she knew that at this point in time, that the key was a big step for Remy and she loved him for it. Besides, with a big whole in her wall, where else was she going to sleep? "Thank ya Remy, thank ya very much."

He grabbed her by the wrist to cut her bracelet on in order to negate her powers. Then he softly leanded forward to kiss her forehead. "Ya can move in tonight or wait til' in de mornin'. I'm go'in ta take a shower and go ta bed. Are ya comin?"

"Yeah, ... No, ... No, ... Ah mean Yeah, Oh shoot Ah don't know maybe." His earlier statement about her touching him had her confused.

He smiled, "Fine, if dats de way you wan' play it girl." He rose and went into the bathroom leaving her where she sat.

Chapter 6

Psylockes busied herself with her unpacking in one of the guest quarters at the opposite end of the wing from the room she had shared with Archangel.

To leave him had been heart wrenching. She had cried for more than an hour before she had collected herself and began unpacking. She had expected him to find her and promise he would do better, but he had not. It had not occurred to her that her leaving might have the opposite effect on him.

"When I'm finish in here, I'll go find him."

She look for him in his usual places around the mansion, but he was not to be found. "I get Logan to help me find him. He's a good at sniffing things out."

Betsy found Wolverine in the Danger Room. She watched with amazement and respect as he finished running through a program of the Brood. He slashed one then chopped another as the Brood swooped and dove toward him in random patterns as the program progressed to it's end.

"Wolverine/Brood sequence ending," stated the automatic controls. The room shifted and changed to its normal state as Logan bend over to catch his breath.

Psylockes came down from the control room once the room had realigned. She pressed the button on the wall panel. The doors immediately opened to let her walk in. "Wolverine?"

His turned towards the direction he heard her voice. He was exhausted from his session. Sweat dripped from exposed skin and ran down his

uniform into his boots. He stood up as she neared him. "What can I do yah for Darlin?" He said with labored breath.

"Logan have you seen Warren lately? He and I had a disagreement earlier and I'm a little worried about him," she asked nervously.

He narrowed his eyes at her in puzzlement. She's holding back, I can tell by the muscle jumping over her left eye. "A disagreement? Are ya sure that, that's all it was?" He said with a wry grin.

Blast!! You can't keep anything from him! "I take it you have seen him," stated Betsy as she lowered her eyes to hide her hurt.

"Yep and he wasn't in too good of a mood."

"Can you tell me where he is now? I want to see how he is adjusting to the new arrangement."

"When I saw him he was on his way out the door. None of my affair but he told me what went down."

"Did he tell you he had a gambling problem?"

"Nope, but I knew that. He had all the signs, wouldn't be so bad, 'cept he's lousy at it. Do yah think yah did the right thing by leaving him?"

Betsy dropped her head in her hands, "I don't know, I was desperate to snap him out of it. But now I'm afraid it has backfired." She raised her head to look at him. "Could you help me find him before he gets into real trouble?"

"Don't worry darlin, I'll go catch a quick shower and we'll find him. He's probably has not gotten too fer yet." He turned to leave out of the Danger Room. "Meet'cha at my jeep in fifteen minutes. Oh yeah, put on something nice." He left for his room.

Betsy stood there in the middle of the Danger Room floor. "Put on something nice, what's he talking about?" She surveyed her appearance. She looked fine to her, but evidently Wolverine thought otherwise. I wonder why? "Oh, Warren ...Where are you?"

In exactly fifteen minutes Wolverine had showered and changed into his street clothes. Betsy had opted for something more sophisticated. She wore a short red cocktail dress with matching high heels. Wolverine whistled as he hopped in the driver side of his Jeep while Betsy climbed into the passenger side of the vehicle.

He started the ignition then pulled out of his parking space headed for the front gate. Betsy noticed that Warren's Lexus was missing. She pointed it out to Wolverine. "Good, that will make it easier to track him. If bird boy had flown, we have to get Cerebro to locate his bio signature."

Wolverine reached across in front of Betsy to switch on the homing identifier that was located in the center of the passenger side dash board. It was standard equipment for every vehicle driven by an X-Man. Each homing identifier was tuned to a specific vehicle so in case something happened to the driver that hindered him/her from

contacting the team, the others would have a point of search to start from.

They drove out the front gate onto the highway that passed in front of the mansion. The evening warm air passed in and around them as they drove to their first destination in the Jeep.

I wish I'd brought a clip or bow to hold my hair back. thought Betsy as she struggled to keep her hair out of her face and mouth. "Logan where do we start looking first?"

"The good news is that it looks like he is about twenty-five mile due east of the mansion." He pointed at the screen that now showed a blip on it that represent Warren's car. "The bad news is that he is one of the worst parts of that town. Where all the worst thugs and varments hang out."

Betsy's heart sunk lower with guilt. Why couldn't he just admit he had a problem and get help. "Life's never easy is it?"

"Nope not when you are an X-Man."

Chapter 7

Rogue sat there as she listened to the sound of the running water. Water running over Gambit ...Oh! The temptation is too much. What was she waiting on? He'd given me exactly what Ah wanted, so now Ah should give him what he wanted, shouldn't Ah? She knew that if she had to be honest with herself right this minute, that what he wanted and what she wanted were the same thing.

Gambit stood there motionless in his all-in-one shower and tub, letting the hot water run down his body. He just knew that when he given her the key she would come around, all would be forgiven.

He waited another five minutes, letting the water pelt his reddish brown hair slick to his head. Maybe Chere don' want ta live wit' me no more,...I did make her pretty mad 'bout it. Dat smug remark about her touching me first, might not have went down ta well wit' her. He dropped his head in disparity. She not come ta me yet. I might as well go on and finish, go ta bed early for a change.

Gambit reached to the other side of the stall to retrieve the soap. His spatial awareness did not work too well with small things like water drops or snow flakes or he'd notice the drop in the room pressure when the door silently opened and closed.

He was busy soaping himself, when a pair of hands moved the curtain behind him and began massaging his back.

"Wha?" He quickly turned around when it startled him. "Chere?"

Rogue pushed the curtain open all the way to look at him. He stood before her naked as the day he come into the world, with a combination of soap suds and water dripping off him.

Their eyes locked as she began pulling off her clothes with slow deliberation.

His breathing quickened as more and more of her was exposed to him.

When she had finished, she reached up with one of her fingers, the bracelet flashing its light's reflection in his face. She slowly followed the trail of his chisled chest, abdomen and even still lower to the part that made him so much of a male. His quick intake of breath told her that he approved of her actions.

Gambit then grabbed her by the hand to help her into the shower with him, closing the curtain around them.

He leaned down to her ear as the water began soaking her the same way it had done him. "Feel like experimentin' Chere?" His voice was low and raspy with desire.

"Don't know Swamp Rat," she breathe. "What did yah have in mind?" She grinned back at him.

He smiled at her as he took her into one of his arms, pressing her against his soap soaked body, transferring a liberal amount of soap suds to hers at every point of contact. Oh Saints she feels good. Then he leaned to the side, pushing his arm out of the curtain over to the light fixture near the wall.

"Wait and see mi amour," He chuckled as the lights went out. His eyes began to glow in the pitch blackness of the room.

"Oh mah, Remy." -----

Chapter 8

The homing beacon to Warren's car showed that he was getting closer. Wolverine turned his Jeep to drive about two miles down a long stretch of assorted bars and nightclubs that lined both sides of the street. There were people everywhere. This place reminded Betsy of a combination New Orleans and Las Vegas. Street vendors and eateries of all types positioned on every corner.

"Look!" cried Betsy, "There's his car." She pointed at a champagne colored Lexus that was parked about a block away from them.

"Might be, might not be," shrugged Wolverine.

They came to a stop beside the vehicle when the homing beacon zeroed in on it, identifying it as Worthington's.

"Now what?"

"You stay here while I park the Jeep in case he shows up."

Betsy climbed out of the Jeep to stand next to Warren's car. She watch Wolverine drive further down the street to a place he could park. Then she looked all around her surroundings. There were topless bars and casinos of all kinds, each boasting that they had the best or were the best. The slimy atmosphere gave her the creeps as she shivered with the realization that Warren was in one of them doing god knows what with god only knows who.

She spotted Wolverine making his way back to her through the crowds of people. The low frame, stocky build man gave an air of honor and warning to any of those who might be dumb enough to approach him. He strolled with ease down the crowded sidewalk back to her.

"Where do we start?" she said as he came up to her.

"Here's good as place as any," he pointed at the building in which they stood in front of.

Betsy eyed the building. It was a large white structure that had a scrolling marquee over its entrance. "Try Your Luck!" Is what it said in big neon letters.

They walked to the front revolving door where a very large bouncer stood. Betsy started to go in when the bouncer stepped in front of her. "Sorry members only or a guest of a member." He told her.

"What? I'm looking for someone." She turned pointing at Warren's car. "The driver of that vehicle to be exact. We'll just be a minute." She tried to go around the other side of him when he stepped in front of her again.

"Sorry rules are rules," he told her with a brooding expression.

Betsy had her left hand behind her left thigh. Wolverine looked when he heard her pop her psychic blade out of the bald fist she was forming.

"Wait darlin'." He grabbed her arm. "No need."

She turned glassy eyes on him as he shook his head warning her.

With his other hand he reached into the black leather jacket he wore and pulled out a membership card and handed to the bouncer.

She relaxed and snuffed her blade when Wolverine released her arm.

"Go right in Mr. Logan." The bouncer handed Wolverine the card back then gestured for them to enter.

They entered into the foyer. The lavish opulence caught Betsy's breath in her chest. The inside looked nothing like the outside. Gold ornate statues and persian rugs and crystal chandeliers. Two huge thick wooden doors guarded the main entrance beyond the lobby. "Wow," stated Betsy. She turned to him, "You're a member?"

"Yep, so are Remy and Warren at most of the places on this strip. This one in particular cater to mutants. But they have a strict code against using mutant powers."

"I never knew that places like this existed," she answered in surprise.

"Yeah well now you know. You have to keep stuff like that a secret

from Cyclops. He's so straight arrow, he'd probably kick us off the team if he knew."

"Don't worry, it's safe with me."

"I know darlin or else I wouldn't told ya."

The main entrance doors open and a wave of orchestra music escaped from inside. A beautiful, young, blonde woman dressed in a indigo blue cocktail dress came toward them. "Good evening Mr. Logan," she smile. "How can we serve you tonight?" She studied Betsy from under thick lashes.

Betsy eyed Wolverine as he looked at the young girl appreciatingly, for a moment she thought she saw him blush, Nah, must be the shadows playing tricks.

He nodded his head to her, masking a slight smile, "Monique, we are looking for someone. A friend of ours that goes by the name of Warren Worthington, III - A. K. A. Archangel."

She shook her beautiful head at him and pouted her blood red lips, "Mr. Logan, you know that our clientele require the strictest privacy."

Man this is getting old, thought Betsy.

Wolverine lean over to Betsy, "Excuse us." He walked up to Monique and gently grabbed her by the arm to pull her to the side.

Betsy couldn't tell what they were discussing and from the looks of things, that might be for the best. The girl smile brilliantly at him just before he kissed her warmly on the corner of her mouth.

Betsy couldn't understand the appeal of the X-Men. Women flocked to members like Wolverine and Gambit. She recalled having to make herself known a time or two when she was out with Warren. She always thought Wolverine was too ferral and that Gambit was too sneaky, but still they had no trouble getting attention from the opposite sex in general.

Monique left Wolverine's side long enough to press the button on the wall panel next to the door. It opened and the wave of music reached them again. Then she motioned for them to enter with her. They did as she said, crossing over the threshold as the doors automatically closed behind them.

Betsy was stunned by the appearance in the large room. There were about six or seven private card games going on. There was an orchestra that was seated in the very back of the room and off to the left sat a antique bar. Other young beautiful girls dressed similar to Monique attended to each table. The sheer opulence and style of everything let her know that these weren't you average gamblers. These maybe thugs, but they're thugs with money, she mused to herself.

Wolverine pointed to a table in the very back. She let her gaze focus on the area in which he was referring to. There sat a very well dressed Warren. He was so intent on his game that he had not notice them.

They began to make their way to his table when Wolverine was distracted by someone he knew at the bar. A rather large man spotted Betsy, "Wow! She just my type," he exclaimed to the other men at his table. He laid his hand of cards down as he got up to stand right in front of her path. "Come here sweetheart, how's about keeping me company?"

Betsy was taken aback and tried to step out of his reaching grasp. Too late, he had her by the arm and started to pull her onto his lap when he had seated himself back down in his vacated chair.

"Let go of me," she said with an even tone, never breaking any expression.

"Nah sugar, you're my good luck charm," the large man grinned at her.

"Didn't the young lady say ... Let her go," Warren said as he stood on the other side of the man with his arms folded, spreading his metal wings. He spotted one of her hands starting to glow. "Don't Bets! He yelled.

"Warren," said Betsy in surprise. "I can take care of myself!"

"I just bet you can sweetheart," the lecherous man said as he patted her on her backside.

Betsy was infuriated. That's enough, code or no code, no overgrown lech is goin' to handle me like this. "I warned you!" Betsy popped her physic blade then stabbed the man directly in his temple. She quickly jumped from his lap as he began to convulse, straightened and then passed out, his head falling to the top of the table with a loud thud.

The people that sat at the table with the man were stunned by her actions. Everyone one else in the club became deafly quiet.

"I told you not to do that," Warren gritted at her.

"Why not he had it coming!"

"I know that, but look!" He pointed at the other men at the table.

Betsy turned to look at them as Wolverine came to stand near them. "Ut oh!" Making two fist, he popped his claws. "This ough'ta be fun."

Everyone at the other tables started to disburse or leave, but the ones at the lecherous man's table stood up. They all pressed a button on their wrist. They began to glow in a neon spectrum of light. Everyone started changing shape and size. "Image inducers!" Said Warren.

Betsy, Wolverine and Warren stepped back as the Brood began grow and take shape as they rose above them in height.

The back of their heads grew elongated and they began to sprout tails. Their eyes began to bug out and turn red. Their teeth turned

razor sharp. Their skin began to coat with large scales. Their hands grew long claws. And their pigmentation turned greenish-yellow.

"There goes our memberships," said Wolverine.

"Four against three, I like the odds," gritted Betsy

The Brood let out horrendous screams as they started to attack the three X-Men. Two of them went after Wolverine while the other two attacked Warren and Betsy.

Warren pulled his wings forward to let out several fetice arrows, they landed in front of the Brood that was after him. They exploded on contact with the floor, but that did not deter him. He quickly swung a claw hand at Warren, knocking him to the floor.

"Warren!" yelled Betsy, but she had troubles of her own. The Brood that was after her took advantage of her distraction to grab her around the waist, lifting her into the air. She struggle to get free of the crushing grip. "Put me down!!" She screamed at it. The Brood tightened its grip even more. "I warned you!" Betsy willed her Katana blade to appear in her hand. She swung it at the Brood's neck, slicing it clear through. The Brood's grip lessened as it convulsed then fell across one of the other tables. Dark olive drab innards and blood oozed out of its body.

Fully decapitated, the head landed near where Wolverine was being made into a wishbone by the two Broods that had him, one on each arm. "Better make the wish count, Bub!" He growled. The sight of their counterpart being murdered enraged them. One of Wolverine's Brood release him to strike revenge against Betsy.

Now that Wolverine's hand was free, still held in the air by the remaining Brood, he quickly swung his free arm around toward his attacker. The three claws contacted with the Brood's side. It made a "clunk" sound as they penetrated its hide. It stopped in mid motion as the shock of being stabbed reached its brain. He then pulled the claws out and quickly inserted them again in another location, harder. The Brood released him as it fell to the floor dead. "I love it when they get physical," he laughed as he watch Warren and Betsy fend off the last two Broods.

Warren had gotten up from being knocked down just before the Brood had time to pounce on him. He willed several more arrows at the Brood, it ducked out of the way and dove at him. He took flight to landed on the bar. The Brood was not put off, it kept coming towards him. "You leave me no choice." This time he aimed directly at the oncoming Brood. The metal arrows contacted in a straight line from the top of the Brood's head, all the way down to its lower torso. It screamed in pain a loud soul wrenching whale that had everyone covering their ears before it exploded, spreading olive-drab innards and blood over everything within a ten foot radius. "Damn!," swore Warren, "I really liked this tuxedo too."

Wolverine retracted his claws as he walked over to where Warren had just jumped down off the bar. They watched Betsy back flip and cut somersaults all around their last remaining opponent.

"Should we help her?" said Wolverine.

"Nah, she can take care of herself. Martini?" He asked as they both leaned against the bar watching her.

"Yeah, make mine a double," Wolverine told the bartender.

At every turn Betsy made the Brood was right on top of her until finally she was knocked to the floor. Warren started after her until Wolverine stopped him, "Let her do this, Bub." Warren was perplexed about helping her or not, but he knew if he interfered, that she'd be mad, so he decided to stay near the bar, ready to help her if need be.

Betsy was stunned by the Brood's action, it took her a moment to get her bearings, but only a moment. The Brood position itself above her making that awful ear splitting scream. "Enough! Kiyah!!" With all her strength Betsy stabbed the Brood. It let out one last yell as it fell hard down on top of her. "Yuck!" She screamed. "Get this nasty, stinking thing off of me!!"

"Shaw we?" asked Wolverine.

"We shaw," answered Warren.

They walked over to where Betsy was covered by the Brood. Wolverine grabbed the creature by one arm as Warren grabbed it by the other. They pulled it off of her, throwing it to the side near the other dead ones. Betsy was covered in goo. The red cocktail dress she wore was ruined. It clung to her like a second skin with all the Brood's blood dripping off her to the floor. "EEUuu!! How dreadful!"

The manager of the club came up to them. "I know Fred, turn in your membership cards," guessed Warren.

Fred shook his head in agreement. Warren and Wolverine handed over their cards. "Be sure to tell Mr. Lebeau that he is to turn in his card also. Please leave this establishment before I have you escorted out."

"Hey! You can't do..., " started Betsy shaking a fist at him.

"Betsy please," begged Warren. She dropped her fist then lowered her head as they began to make their way toward the double wood doors that would lead them outward to the street. The others in the club stared at them in aghast.

Once outside, "Damn, now that's what I call entertainment!" exclaimed Logan. Warren and Betsy laughed in return.

Wolverine excused himself as he made he ready to leave. Betsy would have followed him except Warren caught her arm. "No, please come with me," he begged her.

She was teeter-tottering on the decision of whether to do as he asked when Logan made up her mind for her. "You go with him hon," he winked at them. "I got a date later with Monique when she gets off."

"Oh," she looked at Warren. "Alright."

"Cat'cha later," then Logan faded into the surrounding crowd.

"Well now that you have me to yourself, what do you plan to do with me?" asked Betsy.

"First thing is first," said Warren. "There is no way either one of us are getting into my car looking like this. Olive-drab clashes with cream-colored interior."

"So what do you propose?"

Warren produced a small remote from his pocket. He aimed it at his car. The alarm was instantly activated. "This," he said grabbing her around the waist as he placed the remote back into his pocket.

He opened his wings and squatted. When he jumped up, he willed his powers to carry them up above the building they'd just left, up above all of the buildings in the surrounding area and up further as everything below them grew smaller and smaller.

Betsy trusted him not to drop her but being up this high made her shiver. He responded by holding her closer as he angled toward the direction of the mansion.

Nothing had been said during the remainder of their flight back to the school, but now it was directly below them.

Warren slowed his speed to began lowering them near the pool area in backyard of the house.

Once solid ground was under them he released her. "Why did you leave me?" he asked.

Betsy dropped her head and turned her back to him, "I was desperate to make you see that something was wrong with you. That you had a problem that you needed help with. Every time I tried to confront you with it, we'd only end up in bed," she said as she slowly turned back toward him. "Not that, that wasn't nice," she smiled. "But we were only avoiding the real issue."

He nodded his head briefly in agreement, "I know Bets, I'm sorry. Maybe I better tell you what's really going on."

"That might help." she acknowledged calmly.

Warren began pacing along side the pool near where she stood, "I've made several bad investments that have cost me dearly. I'm not broke, but I'm not on the same financial standing that I was before. I panicked. I've never been poor before in my life. I thought if I could just have a good stroke of luck, I could win some of my fortune back. It never occurred to me that I would get hook to the gambling part of it like everyone else."

Betsy was amazed by his revelation. "Warren why didn't you tell me, I would have understood."

"No, You don't understand," he stopped pacing in front of her. "All my life people have liked me or wanted to be near me because of my money. I was afraid that maybe you felt the same way. I couldn't tell you."

"Warren Worthington, III, I ought to belt you! How could you think something like that about me?" She was infuriated at his perception of her love for him.

"I know, now that I've said it out loud, it sounds stupid to me too. Can you forgive me Love? Please. I promise to get help as soon as possible." He held out his arms for her as he spread his wings.

She ran to him as he engulfed her in an embrace. Their blood stained clothes plastered to them more with the body-to-body contact. But they didn't care. It felt good to be in each other's arms again.

Will you go with me to Gambler's Anonymous tomorrow night?" Asked Warren as he began stroking her hair.

"I'd be happy to." She agreed with a smile. "Anything you want."

"Please don't ever leave me again."

She raise her head to look at him, "Never. I'll move back into our room in the morning."

"Good," he lowered his head.

Betsy had thought he was about to kiss her when she suddenly received a hard shove. Surprised by his action, she made a loud splash as a large amount of water arched up and out of the pool toward where Warren stood.

He was starting to worry because she did not come up immediately. But his worry was ill-fed as pieces of her clothing began to float to the top surface of the pool. First came the dress, then her stockings, then her bra and last, but not least, her panties.

Warren crouched near the edge just as her head came above water. "Are you going to join me or are you going to stand there with your mouth hanging open?" She smiled wickedly at him.

Warren did not need to be told twice. He quickly stripped naked, folded his wings into a square on his back and dove in. He swam near her in hurried anticipation. "We'll have to clean the pool before anybody else uses it."

"Do you know a quicker way to wash all that gunk off us?"

"No."

She swam right up to him, "Then shut up and kiss me," she said as she encircled her arms around his neck.

"Yes ma'am." he said as he lowered his lips to hers.

----- The End

----- Where To Draw The
Line - Spoiler Hello, its me again. I hoped you liked my second attempt at Fan Fiction entitled "Where to Draw the Line."

Mainly this story dealt with trust in relationships. One relationship was fairly new (Gambit and Rogue), while the other relationship was

older (Warren and Betsy).

In the sections that featured Gambit and Rogue, when Gambit didn't jump at the chance for Rogue to move in with him, she took it to mean that he really did not love her and was just using her for sex. It did not occur to her until the end that caution was his nature and that he feared giving himself more to her than pass the physical relationship.

In the sections that featured Warren and Betsy, Warren was so use to people buttering him up because of his money, that he took for granted that Psylocke was that way also. He'd rather not knowed the truth then risk losing her because he had lost a great deal of his fortune. But, he still lost her because he did not trust her to handle his misfortune the way a woman would that really loved a man.

Now, in case you have not figured, I draw pieces of my stories from my real life. I'm not about to say which part comes from me and which part comes from my imagination. I'll let you decide that.

Stay tuned: The next story will be "Feeling Like a Woman Again." This story will feature Storm and Bishop as they set out on their first date.

In the meantime, Stay Cool and Peace Out.

Sign: Linda McWray

----- Linda's
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